

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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EPICRAM FROM THE GREEK OF CALLIMACHUS.

E'en as the hunter chases the hare on the hills, Epicydes,
E'en as he closely pursues every fugitive deer,
Bearing the frost and the snow, but if some one should kindly inform him
Where is a beast ready struck, he would ne'er stop for the prey :
Such is the love I feel : what flies I only can follow,
Headlessly leaving behind all that is placed in my way. J. O.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I REGRET much to announce to you the death of Frederick Chopin, the celebrated pianist and composer. M. Chopin had been suffering for some years under the influence of pthisis, and within the last few weeks his disease began to show such alarming symptoms that he was consigned to a *maison de santé* in the Batignolles, where, after lingering about three weeks, he expired on Tuesday night. Although he had for some time ceased to take any active part in musical matters, and had almost entirely abandoned both playing and composing, the death of M. Chopin cannot but be lamented by all the lovers and followers of the art. He was certainly one of the most eminent and one of the most original men in his particular sphere, and his influence on his cotemporaries has been very considerable. Should I learn any more particulars of his death I will let you have them next week.

Meyerbeer has returned to Paris, and is at his old quarters at the Hotel de Paris. The *Prophète* will be resumed at the Grand Opera next Wednesday, and Madame Viardot Garcia will make her *réentrée* in her great part of Fides. Already, I hear, almost every place is secured.

The new grand ballet, *La Filleule des Fées*, has been highly successful, and has brought much money to the treasury of the Opera. It is one of the most superb spectacles ever witnessed, even at this theatre, so renowned for spectacles. Carlotta Grisi, who has entirely recovered from her illness, has made of the part of Isaura a new, and one of her most poetical, creations. Her acting and dancing are equally admirable. The ballet is by Perrot, who has produced a worthy companion of his *Emeralda* and *Giselle*. In my letter next week I will give you a full account of this ballet, and also some particulars of Halevy's *Fée des Roses*, (suspended till next Saturday, in consequence of the severe illness of Madlle. Ugald,) of which your account last week, as far as the music is concerned, (and especially of that remarkable vocalist, Madlle. Ugald,) was particularly scanty, and not by any means correct.

Mr. Lumley is still here, and I feel pretty sure will be the eventual lessee of the Italian Theatre. If so, he will have to re-organise his company, as the list contained in Ronconi's programme is deplorably unattractive. Ronconi himself is still in Italy, and there is no decided news of his probable speedy return. There is little or no chance of the theatre opening at the beginning of November. The fact is, I believe

the general wish of the patrons of the *Italiens* is that Mr Lumley should take the theatre.

Mr. Gye, the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera, is also here. It is reported that he is treating with Meyerbeer for the first production of the *Africaine*. Mr. Mitchell is here too, making arrangements for next season for his popular French plays—to night he goes to Brussels, I believe to renew the engagement of Madlle. Charton.

The theatres are generally doing better now, and the re-action is very apparent. It is unfortunately quite true that Rachel has for ever quitted the Parisian stage, and that Frederic Lemaitre is equally resolved upon retiring. Both, however, are at war with the establishments with which they are connected. A new piece has been produced at the *Vaudeville*, in which a young lady (Madlle. Cico) actually strips herself, and takes a bath before the audience!! It was, however, immediately repressed, after the first night. Jules Janin killed it outright, with a *feuilleton* resplendent with wit and satire.

Vivier has again left us, and by this time is no doubt in London. Ernst will most probably return to London soon, having many advantageous offers of engagements from various parts of the kingdom. Alboni is still at Brussels, but has been offered a temporary engagement to perform the *Figlia* and the *Favorite* (in French) at the Ghent theatre, which it is probable she may accept. Angri is here, waiting anxiously the opening of the *Italiens*. Next week some more news. Things are beginning to stir a little.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE prospectus now lies before us, as full of promise as is an egg of meat. According to their own shewing, the directors, from their past experience, have found that "a first-class weekly musical entertainment, upon a fixed evening, and at moderate prices, illustrated by the first artists of their several departments, was acceptable to the public at large." Upwards of sixty thousand persons visited the twenty-seven concerts, and the concerts appeared to gain with the public at every succeeding performance.

So far the directors and the public meet and shake hands : the directors give them first-rate goods for a low charge, and the public buy up the goods whether they want them or not. This is the grand secret in commercial transactions—to induce people to purchase what they do not require. Many hundreds of steady-going, money-loving folk, we have not the least doubt, were attracted to the Wednesday Concerts by the fee-simple which the door-keeper demanded for admission; and many hundreds too, we have little less doubt, insensibly imbibed a love for music at Exeter Hall, which became afterwards a solace and gratification in their lives. Thus the directors have tended to disseminate a taste for music, and are entitled to the praise of all rational thinkers, who

must look upon music as calculated to elevate the mind, and to dispose it to all the social virtues.

The series will consist of fifteen concerts, as heretofore, given on consecutive Wednesday evenings. Among the artists engaged, who are too numerous to mention in full, we may specify Mr. Braham, (who is announced to take his farewell performances previous to his final retirement from public life,) Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Herr Formes, Signor Ronconi, the Misses Poole, Dolby, A. and M. Williams, &c., &c., as vocalists; sundry pianists, the most noted of whom are M. Thalberg, Sterndale Bennett, and Madame Pleyel; solo instrumentalists, Vivier and Ernst; the Distin Family; and other soloists, comprising the *élite* of the Royal Italian Opera band.

The programme of each evening will be devoted to a selection from a first-class English, German, French, or Italian opera; the words, on every occasion, being rendered into English. The operatic selection will be followed by a pianoforte solo; the remainder of the first part being assigned to a miscellaneous vocal selection from English and foreign detached classical works, concluding with an overture, or instrumental work. The second section will be devoted almost exclusively to English, Irish, Scotch, and Welch airs, songs, ballads, duets, trios, quartets, &c., &c.; an instrumental solo; an old English glee, madrigal, or round; the whole to conclude with an instrumental Pot-Pourri.

Here are promises and materials enough to hold forth a triumphant future, and guarantee a signal success.

The prices of admission, and terms of subscription, will be the same as the past season.

The first concert will take place on Wednesday next. The vocal performers are Mrs. Alexander Newton, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Eyles, and Poole; the Messrs. Lockey, Land, Lawler, Herr Formes, and Signor Ronconi. The operatic selection will be from Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*; Miss Eliza Ward will play a solo on the pianoforte; the band will play the *Scherzo* and "Wedding March" from Mendelssohn's music to a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the overtures to *Zampa* and the *Cheval de Bronze*, and a selection from Spohr's *Jessonda*, in which Baumann, Ribas, Nicholson, Jarrett, Maycock, and T. Harper will take the solos. Ronconi will sing "Largo al factotum," the "Suoni la Tromba" duet from the *Puritani*, with Formes; and a grand scena from *La Straniera*.

With such a programme, the Wednesday Concerts will commence operations in a most spirited manner, and cannot fail of commanding a great success.

We shall report largely of the doings in our next.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THE tide of popular favour has set strongly in at this place of amusement. The company attending has been numerous nightly, and the performances have afforded the utmost satisfaction. The *Don Giovanni* still continues its successful career, and with the *Sonnambula* on the off nights, and two rattling farces every night, has precluded the manager from presenting any further novelty.

Miss Louisa Pyne appeared on Friday (yesterday week) evening, as Amina, in *Sonnambula*, and met with triumphant success. She was indeed entitled to the enthusiasm she met with throughout her performance. The applause she obtained was unanimous, and the fair artist, by her charming and intelligent singing, and her highly striking performance, surprised none more than those who expected most from her.

Miss Louisa Pyne's conception of Amina is entirely original. With her, intensity, or, more properly, earnestness, supplies the place of dramatic force; and she goes through the character evidently feeling its truthfulness, and so leaving most of her efforts to natural displays, rather than by over-exerting her artistic powers to render her intentions apparent to the spectator. Compared to most other Aminas, Miss L. Pyne's is full of repose; and, what we especially admire in it, not only on account of its differing from all others, but because it accords with observation and experience, is, that she invests it with a pensiveness which all physiologists allow to be an inherent characteristic of the *sonnambulist*. Miss Louisa Pyne is by no means devoid of energy—although such a notion might be gathered from what we have been just stating—nor from the tact which gives energy reality. The bed-room scene was acted with life-like earnestness, and showed the artist a perfect mistress of the exigencies of the scene. All the more quiet scenes derived a new charm from the air of melancholy we have noticed, which, whether it is intended or otherwise, constitutes no small portion of the attractiveness of the performance.

To the singing of Miss Louisa Pyne we can afford the most unqualified praise. The opening air, "Come per sereno," was given with the sweetest expression and the most faultless taste, and, though not overloaded with ornaments, was duly qualified with the necessary leaven of novel *fioriture*—necessary in so hacknied an air—and exhibited to great advantage the vocal ease and facility of the singer. In the finale to the second act the voice lacked power to give the best effect to the *forte* passages, and the impressiveness of the "I am not guilty," was something lessened in consequence; but in the whole of the third she made ample amends for any preceding deficiency. The sleeping scene was excellently acted, and the music beautifully given; the prayer *pianissimo* being rendered with great purity of tone and perfect intonation. "O do not mingle" wound up the whole in a manner to elicit an enthusiastic encore, and to create a sensation in the repeat which might be denominated a *furor*.

Mr. Allen performed Elvino in his usual artistic manner, and was greatly applauded.

The opera was on the whole well played, though not so perfectly, perhaps, as the *Don Giovanni*; and the band work better and better together every night.

Miss Louisa Pyne repeated the part of Amina on Tuesday and last night. Her next part will be Fanny, in Macfarren's new opera, the *King of Hearts*. By the way, we shall have a word to say directly on the head of this new opera.

The dramatic or comic force of Mr. Maddox is good. We miss some old faces, but we think the substitutions are for the better. Mr. A. Wigan has been engaged from the Haymarket, Miss Louisa Howard from the Lyceum, Miss Saunders from the Marylebone, Mr. W. Ray (a capital actor of old men), and Mr. Forman from the Sadler's Wells.

The above force has been employed since the opening night, in two pieces, played after the opera; the one called the *First Night*, the other the *Major's Daughter*. The first is decidedly the best, and is very humorous. Mr. A. Wigan has an old Frenchman's part, which he plays admirably, and the Misses Saunders and Howard appear to advantage in their respective characters. The piece is received nightly with roars of laughter, and Mr. A. Wigan and Miss Howard shares the honour of a recall.

The *Major's Daughter* is not a good piece, nor does the principal part suit Mr. Forman, who wants something more solid to bring out his peculiar manner. Mr. A. Wigan has a

rattling part; and Mr. W. Ray labours strongly by the aid of very broken bad Scotch to make something out of nothing.

So much for statistics garnished with opinion; and now for a bit of rumour bedizened with speculation.

Macfarren's new opera has not been announced by name in the bills, only because the name has not been decided on. The writer of the book, who took his subject from Howard Payne's pretty comediotta, *Charles the Second; or, the Merry Monarch*, itself borrowed from the French, called it the *King of Hearts*, a title which met with very general approval, until somebody, who we believe was a whist-player, and never had a pack of cards out of his head, intimated that the title was suggestive of nothing else than two by honors, the odd trick, dummy, and other sweet terms appertaining to the vocabulary of the whist-table. Another gentleman, who looks at everything simply as it is, and who hates puns like a second Johnson, held out strongly against an appellation which smacked impudently of the author's idea of his own wit, and had nothing in it direct, or to the point. "Sir," said this person, "Charles the Second never belonged to a pack of cards!" These two individuals have caused a perfect schism in the theatrical camp of the Princess's, and there is no knowing when or where it will cease. The librettist sticks out lustily for his first baptismal, and Mr. Maddox sides with him, and so does Mr. Macfarren, and so does Mr. Loder, and so does Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Weiss, and all the ladies, with one exception; and strange to say, so do the publishers, Cramer, Beale, & Co.; but still the two individuals named above are of influence, or seem to be, and carry things with a high hand. Mr. Maddox, although he inclines to the first name, is anxious to have some name to announce in the bills, and, consequently, entreats a conciliation. We advise a toss-up between the upholders of the first name, the *King of Hearts*, and the propagators of the new nomenclature, whatever that may be. In short, there seems to be as much difficulty annexed to christening Macfarren's new opera as there was to the christening the *Freischütz*, for which sundry names were suggested before one was decided on.

The opera is announced for next week, and we may confidently expect it by Friday or Saturday. New scenery has been painted, new dresses are being made, and the manager is determined to put the piece on the stage in the most splendid and appropriate manner possible. Although at this moment a nameless thing, we wish the opera all imaginable success.

HULLAH'S NEW MUSIC HALL.

SAINT MARTIN'S HALL, the great building in Long Acre, erected under the auspices of Mr. Hullah, and intended for the accommodation of his singing schools, and for musical performances on the largest scale, is now in such a state of forwardness as to be partially available for its contemplated objects. The class-rooms of the different schools, and the general lecture-room, are completed; and in the course of a few months the great hall, the most spacious and noblest music-hall in England—probably in Europe—will be opened to the public.

On Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., Mr. Hullah opened the lecture-hall by a performance of the pupils of his upper singing school, attended by a considerable number of persons interested in the progress of music, among whom were several eminent composers and professors. This hall is a very handsome room, capable, apparently, of containing 700 or 800 persons, and of acoustical construction, the sound of the voices being full and resonant, without echo or confusion.

On this occasion about 400 pupils of the upper school formed the chorus, the solo parts being filled by Mrs. Noble (late Miss Duval), Mr. Benson, Mr. William Seguin, and a young lady, one of the pupils, whose vocal attainments are apparently very remarkable.

The first part of the performance consisted of sacred music. It contained (among other things) Handel's famous *Jubilate*, composed for the peace of Utrecht; a motet, "Thou art beautiful," by Giovanni Croce, the celebrated ecclesiastical composer and madrigalist of the 16th century; the duet and chorus, "O never bow we down," from *Judas Maccabeus*; Mendelssohn's air, "If with all your hearts," from *Elijah*, admirably sung by Mr. Benson; and the "Hallelujah chorus." There was the accompaniment of a pianoforte, which merely served to assist the singers and preserve the pitch. The whole performance was a triumph of skilful discipline. The sacred pieces were followed by those of a lighter description. "God save the Queen," magnificently given, concluded this interesting entertainment.

We cordially congratulate Mr. Hullah on the promises held out by such a successful opening night.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BOOK III.

ON THE ART OF THE ETRURIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

(Continued from page 644.)

CHAP. IV.

ON ART AMONG THE NATIONS BORDERING ON THE ETRURIANS.

XI. I GRANT that some vases of the kind, exhibited in the Grand Duke's gallery, have been found in Tuscany, though indeed this is not to be proved; I also know that in the Etrurian tombs in the district of Caneto, small potsherds of terra cotta have been discovered. On the other hand, it cannot be denied, that all the great collections which are in Italy, as well as the specimens which have been carried over the Alps, have been found in the kingdom of Naples, and chiefly near Nola, and the ancient tombs of that city. This absolute certainty, however, does not give us every requisite for the knowledge and judgment of these vases, since we know, as I have shortly before alleged, that Nola has been a colony of the Greeks, and that a great number of the vases with which we are acquainted are adorned with Greek designs, some with a Greek inscription, as I shall more plainly show. If, then, we deny the merit of producing those works to the artists of Etruria, properly so called, though their style plainly appears in very many vases, while others manifestly proceed from Greek masters, our judgment hangs undecided between Campanians and Greeks; and hence this point requires a clearer explanation.

XII. That among this painted pottery there are vases by Campanian artists is very probable, since the earthenware of this country has even been mentioned by Horace: "Campania supellex." This, however, is only when he sets forth the small worth of his property. We may come to the result with more certainty if we reason from the style of design in some of these specimens, which, as I have said, is like the Etrurian; and this similarity may proceed from the same cause, as a sort of Etrurian character, which was peculiar to the Campanians. For since the Tyrrhenians, or the oldest Etrurians, penetrated through Campania into the country which

is now called Magna Græcia, so that the Campanians are to be looked upon as their descendants, the character introduced, as well as the style of drawing among the artists, may thus have been preserved here. Even the Campanian artizans worked differently from the Greeks and Sicilians, as Pliny especially remarks with regard to the joiners.

XIII. The chief point against the Tuscans is given partly by the most beautiful vessels of this kind, which have been discovered and collected in Sicily, and which, according to the information of my friend, Baron Riedesel, (who, as a connoisseur of art and antiquity, has travelled through the whole of Sicily and Magna Græcia,) are perfectly like the most beautiful vases in the museum at Naples; and partly by the Greek inscription on vases different from these.

XIV. Three vases with Greek inscriptions are in the Mastrilli collection at Naples. Copies of these, ill-drawn and worse engraved, were first published by the Canon Mazzocchi; afterwards others, more correctly drawn, appeared at the same time with the Hamilton vases. Another vase, with the inscription "KALLIKLES KALOS," (the beautiful Calicles,) is in the same collection, and there is, besides, a terra cotta bowl with a Greek inscription. The oldest vase, however, is the Hamilton vessel already mentioned, of which, with other specimens inscribed with Greek characters, I shall again make mention in the following chapter. As none of these works have hitherto been discovered with an Etrurian inscription, the characters in the two beautiful vases in the collection of Herr Mengs, at Rome, must be Greek, not Etrurian. One of these I have published in my "Ancient Monuments." (a) On a vase in the Vatican Library, which I have likewise published and explained, may be seen the name of the artist inscribed thus—"ALSIMOS EGRAPSE" (Alsimus pinxit). By others this inscription has been read "MAXIMUS EGRAPSE," while Gori, whose system is opposed by this inscription, boldly declares it to be an imposture, without having seen the vase itself. (b)

XV. The reasoning which, based on the character of the inscription and the style of the drawing, leads us to believe, even with respect to the other vases without inscription, that they are to be inscribed to Greek artists, is confirmed, as I have already stated, by the vases of a similar kind and workmanship found in Sicily. The collections of these I will point out, when I have given an account of those which have been made in the kingdom of Naples, and of those which are now in the city of Naples itself.

SELECT VARIORUM NOTES.

(a) We may here remark, that on a beautiful vase in the Grand Duke's collection at Florence, published by Dempster, and also by Passair, five Greek inscriptions were afterwards discovered on the vessel being washed.—*Fœa*.

Of these inscriptions, or rather superscriptions, of some figures painted round the upper part of the vase, Visconti has given us a learned explanation. We must, however, observe, that at the time when the Etrurian origin of the painted vases was firmly believed, they seem to have been only cursorily examined. Since they have risen in estimation as works of art, a quantity have been newly discovered, and generally a greater interest for monuments of the kind has been awakened; so many of the vases with Greek inscriptions have been published, that they can no longer be reckoned among antiquarian rarities. Nay, there is scarcely a collection of such vases of any importance in which there are not one or more with a Greek inscription.—*Meyer*.

(b) Gori and Guarnacci have perhaps referred to another vase, still the inscription cited by them stands thus: MAXIMOS EPOIESE (*fecit* not *pinxit*).—*Fœa*.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. CCLV.

THE UNIVERSAL AND THE PARTICULAR.

SUBLIME upon its proud ethereal throne,
The Universal rests; with moveless eye
It sees a world of change rise, fade, and die—
Safe in a region where no death is known.
From point to point with restless tumult thrown,
The frail Particular flits swiftly by;
If sad, it is but like a passing sigh—
If joyous, like some sweet but dying tone.
On earth there differ no two things so much,
As those two elements—one, change transcending;
One, nought but change. Can they e'er be combined?
Yes; there is still one point at which they touch,
Into pure harmony their difference blending;
This point it is the task of Art to find.

N. D.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 628.)

LXXIX. FOLLOWING the institutions* of their ancestors, the Egyptians add nothing new. Among other matters of custom worthy of note is the song "Linus,"† which is sung in Phœnicia and Cyprus, and elsewhere. It is called by different names, according to the different nations where it is known, and seems to be the same which the Greeks sing under the name of "Linus." Among many things which surprised me in Egypt, I cannot conceive whence they have got this Linus. To me it appears that they have sung this always. In the Egyptian language the Linus is called "Maneros." He, the Egyptians said, was the only son of the first king of Egypt, and when he died prematurely he was buried with this dirge by the Egyptians, this being the first, and indeed the only song which they (*then?*) had. (a)

LXXX. In another particular, the Lacedæmonians are the only Greeks with whom the Egyptians agree. The young, when they meet their elders, respectfully move out of their way, and also rise from their seats on the entrance of an old man. In this respect they are not at all like the other Greeks. Instead of addressing each other with words when they meet in the streets, they salute by lowering their hands as far as their knees.

LXXXI. They wear a linen chiton (tunic), with tassels round the legs, which they call a "Calasiris." Thrown over this, they wear a white woollen raiment. However, this woollen raiment is neither taken into the temples, nor is it buried with them, for this is not allowed by law. This is in accordance with the orgies called Orphic and Bacchic, which are the same with the Egyptians and the Pythagorean; for it is not lawful for one who has taken part in these orgies to be buried in woollen. A sacred reason is given for the practice.

LXXXII. The Egyptians have also made the following discoveries:—They have found out to which of the gods each month and day belongs, and what a person born on a particular day will be, with respect to his fortune, his death, and his general position. The Greek poets use similar expedients; but the Egyptians have invented more ominous signs than all the rest of mankind. If such a sign appears, they write down the event that follows it, and take care of the record; and if

* "Songs," says Larcher, "which would limit the proposition to the contents of this section." We have followed Schweighæuser.

† Larcher leaves out the word "Linus" here, which, it will be found, is an improvement, though the omission is not sanctioned by the MSS.

afterwards anything like the sign appears, they think the event will be also the same.

LXXXIII. Divination is ordered in this way:—The art of divining belongs to no man, but only to certain gods. There is an oracle of Hercules, of Apollo, of Athena (Minerva), of Artemis (Diana), of Ares (Mars), and of Zeus; but the oracle which they respect above all the rest is that of Leto (Latona), in the city of Buto. The modes in which these several oracles are given are not alike, but differ from each other.

LXXXIV. The medical profession is thus divided among them:—A physician attends to no more than one disease. Thus the whole place is full of physicians; of whom some are for the eyes, some for the head, some for the teeth, some for the belly, and some for internal complaints.

NOTES.

(a) The following account of the "Linus" is taken from that most splendid monument of erudition, Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography:—

"Linus is the personification of a dirge or lamentation, and therefore described as a son of Apollo by a Muse, or of Amphimarus by Urania. Respecting his mother, Psamathe, the story runs thus:—When she had given birth to Linus, she exposed the child. He was found by shepherds, who brought him up; but the child was afterwards torn to pieces by dogs. Psamathe's grief at the occurrence betrayed her misfortune to her father, who condemned her to death. Apollo, in his indignation at her father's cruelty, visited Argos with a plague; and when his oracle was consulted about the means of averting the plague, he answered that the Argives must propitiate Psamathe and Linus. This was attempted by means of sacrifices, and matrons and virgins sung dirges, which were called *linos*, and the month in which this solemnity was celebrated was called *ampos*, and the festival itself *amphis*, because Linus had grown up among lambs. The pestilence, however, did not cease until Crotopus quitted Argos, and settled at Tripodisium, in Megaris. According to a Boeotian tradition, Linus was killed by Apollo because he had ventured upon a musical contest with the god; and near Mount Helicon his image stood in a hollow rock formed in the shape of a grotto; and every year, before sacrifices were offered to the Muses, a funeral sacrifice was offered to him, and dirges were sung in his honour. His tomb was claimed both by the city of Argos and by Thebes; but after the battle of Chæroneia, Philip of Macedonia was said to have carried away the remains of Linus from Thebes to Macedonia. Subsequently, however, the king was induced by a dream to send the remains back to Thebes. Chalcis, in Eubœa, likewise boasted of possessing the tomb of Linus, the inscription of which is preserved by Diogenes Laërtius. Being regarded as a son of Apollo and a Muse, he is said to have received from his father the three-stringed lute, and is himself called the inventor of new melodies, of dirges, and of songs in general. Hesiod even calls him *παντοίης σοφίης δαδάρχων*. It is probably owing to the difficulty of reconciling the different mythoses about Linus that the Thebans thought it necessary to distinguish between an earlier and later Linus; the latter is said to have instructed Heracles in music, but to have been killed by the hero. In the time of the Alexandrine grammarians, people even went so far as to look upon Linus as an historical personage, and to consider him, like Musæus, Orpheus, and others, as the author of apocryphal works, in which he described the exploits of Dionysus; Diogenes Laërtius, who calls him a son of Hermes and Urania, ascribes to him several poetical productions, such as a cosmogony, on the course of the sun and moon, on the generation of animals and fruits, and the like. The principal places in Greece which are the scenes of the legends about Linus, are Argos and Thebes, and the legends themselves bear a strong resemblance to those about Hyacinthus, Narcissus, Glaucus, Adonis, Maneros, and others, all of whom are conceived as handsome and lovely youths, and either as princes or as shepherds."

(To be continued.)

MR. BRINLEY RICHARD'S younger brother was ordained last week, by the Lord Bishop of Hereford, at Abergavenny. The ordination was held there instead of at Llandaff, in consequence of the serious illness of late the Bishop of Llandaff. Mr. Richards is appointed to the curacy of Newchurch, in Radnorshire.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MRS. GLOVER'S six farewell nights at the Theatre Royal did not attract one tithe of the audiences that Macready's did. This week Mr. Knowles has a party of dancers from the Opera, giving, as a Ballet, *Les Patineurs*, from the *Prophète*. Last night Herr Formes made his first public appearance in Manchester, at our Free Trade Hall, at a concert, assisted by Miss Rafter, her sister, and her brother the tenor singer. The Hall was very thinly attended, and would ill repay Messrs. Peacock and Co. As we were not present, we subjoin the following from the *Manchester Guardian*:—"Herr Carl Formes at the Free-trade Hall.—Last evening, the first of two grand concerts, in which the singing of the German basso profundo, Herr Carl Formes, is the principal feature, was given at the Free-trade Hall. Herr Formes is certainly an extraordinary performer; he possesses a voice of great volume, massiveness, and power, and in the lower part particularly, of fine musical quality, full, round, and clear. The fine part of his voice is, however, only of moderate compass; his higher notes having a rather disagreeable reediness and cavernous hollowness. His style of singing is intensely national,—severe, simple, and earnest. The notes are intoned with the utmost distinctness, and sometimes, (as for instance, in the "In deisen Heiligen Hallen" of Mozart,) the notes seem rather to fall from him in slow succession, than to flow, producing an effect singular, but remarkably impressive; wherever the music required it, however, Herr Formes exhibited great ease and facility in the execution of the following passage. His singing is marked by good expression—by the passionate, earnest, and the deep, manly pathos, which is so much the characteristic of his nation. In the "Standard-bearer," he certainly failed to convey the idea of buoyant vigour, and chivalrous ardour, for which the rendering of this song by Pischek was so remarkable. Herr Formes was loudly applauded, and received two encores. On an aria from Spohr's *Jessonda* being encored, he substituted another piece, which he accompanied upon the piano-forte, with great taste and expression. The remainder of the concert was made up by the singing of Mr. J. Rafter, Miss Rafter, and Miss Lucy Rafter. They executed a variety of popular music in a manner which seemed satisfactory to the audience. Mr. J. Rafter gave Braham's song, "Never despair," with considerable power and taste. There was but a thin audience, owing, no doubt, in great part, to the comparatively little popular celebrity of Herr Formes. We doubt not that a larger will be attracted to the second concert, to-morrow evening, when Herr Formes will sing a selection from the *Messiah*. We shall be much disappointed if his singing of some of these fine solos,—for instance, "Why do the nations?"—is not a great musical treat.

Your last Musical Enigma, "Ludwig van Beethoven," is, like most of its predecessors, incorrect in its spelling: the one before it, "Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart," is the only one correct in every instance. But, after all, have we not had "something too much of this?" Anxious to maintain the character of the *Musical World*, we, like "Teutonium," think there is something silly in the "My 2, 2, 4, 6," &c., and that it is *infra dig.* to insert such puerilities in a periodical so much read, and of deservedly high standing. Whilst on this subject, we would call your attention to several inaccuracies which are made to appear in articles under this heading, allowing, at the same time, that our hasty scribble

and perhaps not sufficiently marked punctuation, may have been partly the cause. No such excuse, however, can be found for one or two misprints in your number of Oct. 6, where an article headed "Music at Chelmsford," turns out, on reading it, to be "Music at Cheltenham;" another headed "Music at Bury St. Edmunds," ought to be "Music at Bury in Lancashire;" and in which last the name of Miss Porter (a nice singer in the choir at Prestwich church) is transformed into the horribly stiff name of Miss *Poker*! A little more care in this department is, to say the least, very desirable.

[Our correspondent has somewhat over-stepped the bounds of animadversion in finding fault with our reader on the score of negligence. We have carefully examined the copy from which the notice alluded to is taken, and find the lady's name most unmistakeably mentioned as *Poker*. The article headed "Music at Chelmsford," was as written, the error being at the end, where it was quoted from *Cheltenham* in place of *Chelmsford*. The mistake about Bury originated with ourselves. With respect to the enigmas, they are doubtless insignificant, but we have many fair subscribers who take no small interest in such matters, and we do not think our correspondent would be so ungallant as to deprive them of so harmless an amusement. Besides, the enigmas occupy a very small space.]

(From the *Manchester Examiner*.)

HERR FORMES.—As we anticipated, a musical treat of no ordinary description was given last night in the Free-trade Hall, and proved that the encomiums which have been so freely lavished on this celebrated basso have been in their fullest extent borne out by the reality. Miss Rafter has greatly improved both in style and voice since we last heard her in Manchester. Miss Lucy Rafter is a new *débutante* here, and bears promise of becoming an accomplished singer in a very short time. Mr. Rafter is also much improved. His voice is now a rich tenor of most agreeable quality. Herr Formes possesses an extraordinary volume of voice ranging from D below to F above the lines. In the fine song of Mozart's, "In Diesen Heiligen Hallen," his deep full tones told immensely, and produced a well deserved encore. We shall notice the performances at greater length on Saturday, and must therefore content ourselves with saying, generally, that the concert went off exceedingly well. To-morrow night, as our readers will perceive, a part of the *Messiah* is to be given, in which Herr Formes sings the principal bass songs. A powerful chorus will be engaged, and doubtless a great treat will be realised. We should not omit to mention Mr. H. V. Lewis's excellent accompaniment of the Music.

PEOPLE'S CONCERTS.—The third of the second series of these concerts was given on Monday evening to a still more numerous audience than either of the former occasions. The music selected was of a high order, but we think not quite judicious in one or two instances. In the second part there were two pieces decidedly sacred, which we thought a little out of place, particularly Meyerbeer's solo and chorus, "O Thou whose power," which had a very strange, abrupt effect, following so immediately the light and flippant song, "I've no money." Mrs. Sunderland received a very deserving encore in both her songs, "O had I Jubal's lyre," and "The wishing gate." In the brilliancy and energy of the one, and the archness and expression of the other, she was equally successful. Glover's song, "The blossom's on the blackthorn,"—of which, by the way, as a composition, we can hardly see the merit,—is not at all suited to Mrs. Winterbottom's style; nevertheless, it called forth an encore, for which the singer substituted the popular ballad of "Jeannette and Jeannot," to the complete satisfaction of the audience. Calcott's glee, "In the lonely vale of streams," was feelingly rendered by Mrs. Sunder-

land, Mrs. Winterbottom, Messrs. Slater and James Isherwood; and we were glad to see that the audience gave considerable evidence of appreciation. Decidedly one of the gems of the evening was Sir J. Stephenson's beautiful trio, "Give that wreath to me;" it is one of those things which, however familiar we may be with them, never fail to touch pleasant feelings, from the perfect harmony of sentiment and music. Miss Susan Kenneth received an encore in the popular song, "I've no money." The same compliment was also paid to Miss Morris, who sang Loder's ballad, "The spot where I was born," very nicely. This young lady is improving very perceptibly, but she still wants a little judicious modulation of her voice, which, though naturally of good tone, often offends by its harshness. To the choruses and their conductor, Mr. D. W. Banks, no slight praise is due; we class them together, for there is no doubt that Mr. Banks' clever and spirited organ accompaniments add considerably to the general effect. The "Gipsy's tent," by T. Cooke, was enthusiastically encored, although the audience were eagerly expecting Mr. Pigot's buffo song, with which the evening's entertainment concluded.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS AT THE ATHENÆUM.—This accomplished vocalist gave his first musical entertainment this season in Manchester, at the Athenæum, on Saturday last. It was founded on Moore's Irish Melodies, and contained many choice gems from the Anacreontic mines of that prince of lyrists. "The Legacy" was sung with a degree of pathos, and a purity of expression, such as we never before heard it invested with. "The meeting of the waters," "The last rose of summer"—with the original "Groves of Blarney," and "The harp that once through Tara's halls"—were also sung in a manner which elicited universal approbation. The second part of the entertainment embraced some of Mr. Phillips's own compositions—gems, too, in their way. "The milkmaid" is decidedly the most happy of his recent efforts, and the manner in which he sung it, of course, added considerably to its beauty. The story of Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford, told in no less than twenty-one verses, was humorously delivered, and, had it not been for its extreme length, would have been re-demanded. The audience was, as it always is to hear this universal favourite, numerous. Mr. John Parry—the facetious, laughter-moving Parry—will give an entertainment in the Athenæum on Saturday.

MUSIC AT BATH.

(From the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.)

MADAME SONTAG's grand morning concert, given yesterday at the Rooms, was attended by an *élite* audience. The fair vocalist on this occasion realized all and more than all that was expected from her. A more exquisite treat has seldom been enjoyed by the musical epicure. In fact, it would not be overstepping the mark, were we to describe her performance as perfect. She sang, among other pieces, Rode's air, with variations, in which her pure liquid tones, rich as those of the nightingale, and regulated by the most refined taste, were varied with "a grace beyond the reach of (ordinary) art," and elicited enthusiastic plaudits. Truly may it be said, that "a winning tongue hath she." It is difficult to convey an idea of the ease with which the most difficult runs and cadenzas were executed by this talented lady. In some passages her voice rose and fell with the grace and ease of the Æolian harp. To give expression to musical ideas seems a part of her very nature, and not, as in others, the result of study. Nor was she less admired in a bolero, "Ouvrez,

ouvrez, c'est nous," which was encored; or in Bishop's air, "Home, sweet home!" In fact, she shewed herself quite as much at home in the simple ballad as in the most elaborate composition. M. Thalberg again delighted and astonished all who heard him by his almost magical solos on the pianoforte. His touch and tone were as unrivalled as ever, and the very soul of music was infused into his compositions. Signors F. Lablache, Belletti, and Calzolari, varied the concert by several selections from the Italian opera, and contributed much to the success of the whole. The duo buffo between Signors F. Lablache and Belletti was exceedingly effective.

MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

"THE Sontag concert," as it has been called *par excellence*, came off on Wednesday. The *troupe*, with their admirable general, Mr. Nugent, arrived by the express train at four, and the concert, of which the following is the programme, commenced at eight:—

PART I.—Duetto, Signor Calzolari and Signor Belletti, "Venti scudi" (*Elisire d'Amore*), Donizetti—Aria, Signor Belletti, "Sulla poppa del mio bricci" Ricci—Recitative and Aria, Madame Sontag, "O luce di quest'anima" (Linda), Donizetti—Aria, Signor Calzolari, "Il mio tesoro" (*Don Giovanni*), Mozart—Fantasia, Pianoforte, on subjects from *La Sonnambula*, M. Thalberg, Thalberg—Bolero, Madame Sontag, "Ouvrez!" Dessauer—Duo Buffo, Signori Belletti and F. Lablache, "D'un bell' uso di Turchia," Rossini—Aria, Madame Sontag, "Rode's Variations," Rode.

PART II.—Duetto, Madame Sontag and Signor F. Lablache, "Signorina" (*Don Pasquale*), Donizetti—Songs without words, Pianoforte, M. Thalberg—Aria, Signor Belletti, "Non più andrai" (*Figaro*), Mozart—Aria, Madame Sontag, "Home! sweet home!" (*Clari*) Sir H. R. Bishop—Barcarole, Signor Calzolari, "Or che in cielo" (*Marino Faliero*), Donizetti—Fantasia, Pianoforte, on subjects from *Masaniello*, M. Thalberg, Thalberg—Polacca, Madame Sontag, Signori Calzolari, Belletti, and F. Lablache, "Son Vergin Vezzosa" (*Puritani*), Bellini.

Madame Sontag's appearance was the signal for enthusiastic greeting on all sides, and she sung the popular air of "O luce di quest'anima" with great taste and extraordinary power of vocalisation. Calzolari, who made his first appearance before a Plymouth audience, sung "Il mio tesoro" with great effect, and made a most favourable impression. Belletti and F. Lablache met with a flattering reception, and did ample justice to Rossini's buffo duet, "D'un bell' uso di Turchia;" and Rode's Variations, delightfully sung by Madame Sontag, and encored, finished the first part. The inimitable Thalberg played on subjects from *Sonnambula*, and was vehemently encored in "Songs without words." His reception was most enthusiastic: after which, Bishop's "Home, sweet home," was charmingly sung by Madame Sontag, and, on being encored, favoured the audience with the second verse. "Subjects from *Masaniello*" were then admirably played by Thalberg, and encored, and the concert finished with "Son Vergin Vezzosa," from the *Puritani*. The room was very respectably filled, although by no means crowded. In future, Mr. Lumley's concerts will be given at the Theatre Royal, which will be much better, and by far more lucrative to the spirited and liberal director, than the confined space of a provincial ball-room. I hear that the concert given by these gifted artists at Bath, on the 16th, was most brilliantly attended.

MUSIC AT NORWICH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE third and last concert for this year was performed in the fine room of St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich; there were 1250 persons present, many from some of the first families in the city and neighbourhood. It is now twenty-five years since

these concerts were first began under Professor Taylor, at that time a resident in Norwich, since which time music from the finest composers have been performed; among them Spohr's *Calvary*, *Fall of Babylon*, &c.; the *Messiah*, *Creation*, and this evening the *Judas Maccabeus*. Every year these concerts have been liberally supported by the public generally—the charge for a season ticket being at the moderate price of one guinea, which will admit four persons to the three concerts,—the chief object of which is to diffuse a taste for musical compositions of the first order, and to preserve the efficiency in the chorus, upon the maintenance of which the triennial festivals depends. Norwich deservedly bears the character of being one of the most musical cities in England; talent always meeting with great encouragement, whenever such is displayed within her walls.

The committee expressly engaged the following popular vocalists from Exeter Hall:—Miss Birch, *soprano*, Miss Henderson, *contralto*, Mr. Benson, *tenor*, and Mr. Lawler, *bass*. Mr. Buck, the talented organist at the Cathedral, Norwich, kindly allowing Masters Mann and Gaul, from his choir to assist—Master Bennett being intended, but unfortunately his voice, within the last three weeks, changed, so that Gaul was chosen to take his place. Mann and Bennett are the two youths Jenny Lind so much noticed and praised. In addition to those named, there were three hundred and fifty performers: some were of opinion that a few instrumental performers of eminence ought to have been also engaged, yet the greater portion of the judges of music present pronounced the performances throughout to have been exceedingly well executed. Conductor, Mr. J. F. Hill; organist and instrumental conductor, Mr. J. Harcourt; Leader, Mr. R. Bray; principal violoncello, Mr. Fiory; librarian, Mr. Harrison, &c.

The doors were opened at seven o'clock, and the performances commenced at eight o'clock; at which time the body of the Hall was crowded with the beauty and fashion of Norwich.

In the first part, lamenting the death of Matthias (the father of Judas Maccabeus and Simon), by whom the Jewish people had been roused to resist the cruelties and oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Syrian king, in his attempt to suppress their religion and liberties, &c., Mr. Lawler took the first recitation; Miss Birch the second; the duet following by Misses Birch and Henderson: Mr. Lawler, second recitation; Miss Birch, air; Mr. Lawler, third recitation and air;—all going off well; the chorus, by the band, &c., being also executed in a masterly manner, particularly the one beginning "We come, we come, in bright array," &c. Mr. Benson then recited "Tis well, my friends;" singing the fine air, "Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare," in a most beautiful style, he having a superior quality of tenor. Master Mann then recited "O Judah, may these noble views inspire;" and sang the sweet air, "Tis Liberty, dear liberty alone." The duet, "Come, ever-smiling liberty," by Masters Mann and Gaul, was executed most effectively. Messrs. Benson and Lawler took the recitations of Judas and Simon; Misses Birch and Henderson those of the Israelitish women; Miss Birch taking the celebrated air, "From mighty kings he took the spoil," which she sang most exquisitely.

In part the second, where the Israelites celebrate the return of Judas from the victories over Apollonius and Seron, the commencing chorus, "Fall'n is the foe," appeared to have a startling effect. The duet and chorus, said to be the last ever written by Handel, "Sion now her head shall raise," was finely executed. In the air and chorus, "Ah, wretched Israel! fall'n how low," the transition from joy to grief appeared remarkably touching. The chorus, "We hear, we

hear," was not so well got through; but the final chorus of the second part was so well done as to make amends for the partial failure in the previous one.

The third part to the finish went off far better than had been looked for, particularly the chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," where the rolling of the drums and the loud sounding of trumpets produced a thrilling effect, seeming to astonish nearly all present—followed by merry tunes, and the chorus march. Miss Birch gave the last recitation; Misses Birch and Henderson the last duet; Mr. Lawler the concluding air, "Rejoice, oh Judah," the whole concluding with the splendid Hallelujah chorus, by the whole choir; every part being got through in the most efficient and creditable manner, much to the satisfaction of all who heard the sublime piece throughout. The performance took nearly three hours to get through.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OUR English operatic company have, since your last, appeared in *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, the *Beggars' Opera*; *Ernani*, to our great disappointment, not being given as promised, the trouble of getting it up being no doubt the reason, as all the music would be entirely new to the band and chorus. However, we can't always have everything we wish, and as what we had gave great satisfaction, it is useless to grumble. Miss Lucombe, in *Sonnambula*, did not equal her other assumptions, her deficiency in physical powers being more apparent than in *Puritani* and *Lucia*; she sang the music with the utmost possible brilliancy, the "Come per me," and the second movement, "Sovra il sen," being delightfully sung, and beautifully elaborated; the "Ah, non giunge" was not given with the overwhelming bursts of joyfulness I have lately been accustomed to see from Aminos, but the cause was doubtless attributable to a severe indisposition, from which the fair vocalist has been suffering. Reeves made a very fine Elvino, the beautiful music appertaining to the character being sung with great feeling and musician-like taste; several of his best *morceaux* were loudly applauded. Whitworth was a first-rate Count, singing and acting with gentlemanly ease. Horncastle was the best Alessio I ever saw; he sang the music and acted exceedingly well, causing plenty of laughter, without the preposterous vulgarities usually indulged in by *low comic* Alessios. Miss Lanza looked Liza well, and sang the music tolerably, but her *triste* appearance and fondness for introducing long melancholy airs sadly militates against the success of her vocalism.

In the *Puritani*, Miss Lucombe was herself again. The whole music was delightfully sung; the "Son vergin" and "Qui la voce" being warbled with the utmost dexterity and tasteful ease, the most brilliant ornaments being added to the melody, and rendered with the utmost feeling. As a display of clever vocalism, it equalled anything we have heard on the English stage for many years past. The fair vocalist, on this occasion, achieved a most complete and legitimate triumph, and was deservedly applauded and encoored more times than we can at present remember. Sims Reeves sang, as usual, very well; the celebrated air "A una fonte" being given with great taste and feeling. His share in the beautiful quartet "A te cara" was sung with so much spirit and taste as to provoke loud applause. His acting, unlike that of most native tenors, was graceful and effective. Mr. Whitworth looked Giorgio most admirably, and, as usual, sang and acted with care. In the duet "Suoni la tromba," he and Delavanti sang with so much spirit that they gained the most decided

and spontaneous encore of the evening. Delavanti's Riccardo was a most admirable performance; he quite astonished his friends with the energy and taste he infused into both his acting and singing. His first air was given with great taste, and in the above-mentioned duet and the concerted pieces he sang with great fervour and sweetness. Delavanti is a clever and rising *artiste*, whose career we shall watch with interest, as we doubt not but that if he goes on improving as he has lately done, that he will win for himself "a name and fame." The series of operas concluded last night with Reeves' benefit; the operas being *Puritani* and the *Beggars' Opera*; but as we were not present, nothing here can be said about it.

The operatic season, though short, has been sweet, and has given great satisfaction, though it is doubtful if the manager has been paid for his *really* (and we do not mean to use the phrase in the stereotyped sense) spirited efforts to please his patrons. The company is the best English one that has been here for years, and the band and chorus were better than usual in the provinces.

Nothing worthy of particular mention is at present doing at the amphitheatre; but I hear that a Mr. Edgar is going to make another attempt to make the Liver theatre pay; if he does, I shall be both glad and astonished, for the last dozen managers have made a woful mess of it.

Herr Carl Formes, the great German *basso*, has been singing with great success at the Concert Hall; his grand and impressive style of vocalization, added to his stupendous voice, created a great sensation, delighting the *dilettanti* and astonishing the general public. The Rafter, a brother and two sisters, sang at the same concert, and were tolerably successful; the elder sister sang with great energy, and displayed a sweet voice, joined to considerable facility of execution.

The Liverpool Welsh Choral Society lately had a most successful tea meeting, at the Music Hall in Bold Street, which was enlivened by a variety of glees, anthems, songs, &c., sung in Welsh. The Chairman, in the course of the evening, said, "They had never come before an audience until their appearance at the Collegiate Institution some months ago. They had great difficulty in getting music translated into the Welsh language, and they had expended from £100 to £120 in printing music. Another great difficulty was the want of an organ. That which they had been in the habit of using was so low in tone as to be almost useless. The voices of the performers completely drowned its sound; and the effect was said to be very injurious when they came before an audience with a powerful instrument to which they had not been accustomed." A contribution was then made for the purpose of purchasing an organ, without which, it was said, the society's usefulness would be considerably impaired.

The Philharmonic Society give a grand concert next Tuesday—the admission to which they have very wisely reduced—the prices being five shillings and three shillings, cheap enough to please the public and pay themselves. The artists engaged, are, Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Poole, Herr Damke, and Signori Bordini and Briccialdi. Mr. Benedict will preside at the pianoforte. It was rumoured that the Society had engaged Sontag, but I suppose they thought better of it, as Miss Whitnall was ten pounds out of pocket by her concert, at which Sontag and party sung, though the house was completely crowded; the cause of this was, that Mr. Lumley pocketed about four hundred and fifty pounds—more than two-thirds of the receipts! But—and as we said before, adieu to grumbling—we cannot have everything as we would like.

Liverpool, October 17, 1849.] Yours, &c., J. H. N.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)

THE first of this series of musical entertainments was given on Monday evening. The audience at the commencement was not so numerous as we could have wished, but before the conclusion of the first two pieces the hall filled in wonderfully. We have been hearing a great deal of the performance of this corps of vocalists, through the English press, during their late tour through the leading towns of the sister country, and, to speak the truth, they appear to deserve a great deal of the praise which has been bestowed on them.

There are seven performers, of whom two are ladies. Signora Montenegro, announced as late prima donna of the "Scala" is an alto-soprano of considerable power and flexibility in the upper notes, with some lower tones of delicious sweetness, approaching, however, contralto effects in their peculiar resonance. So much for *materiel*; as to capability as an artist, there are few musicians who will not give this lady credit for exquisite tact in the management of her vocal organ, so as to display its excellences to advantage. Her version of the cavatina from the *Barber of Seville* was rather laboured; but in the exquisite duet, "Dunque io son," in the second part she was admirable, and was deservedly and rapturously encored. True, she was right well sustained by the admirable tenor of Signor Montelli, whose voice certainly is as fine an instrument as we have heard for some time.

The donna seconda—Signora, or rather Mademoiselle (as the bills have it) Montelli, possesses a voice which, though rather weak, yet is passing sweet in its lower tones, and reminds one of Persiani—we mean the last time she was here. The Mademoiselle is a soprano also, and evidently has benefited considerably by cultivation. In short this remark applies to the company generally. They are all undoubted musicians and correct readers, hence their glory is in the concerted pieces. M. Bailini, the basso, has a fine mellow and flexible voice, which he regulates with a skill that evinces previous study and acquired taste.

We do not know enough of these artists to speak of their merits very minutely; but we at once foretell that Santiago may, if he likes, lay the foundation for future concert or theatre engagements in our city. He sung the romanza of Donizetti's "Una furtiva" in a style that charmed all present. His voice is truly admirable, and reminds one of the Vatican choir, contrasting exquisitely with the deep-toned basso of Bailini. We should notice the admirable rendering of the quartette "Erinasto," from *Don Pasquale*, on the first appearance of these vocalists before the audience. It was admirably sustained, and was loudly encored.

On the whole, the concert went off excellently. The piano accompaniment of Signor Tommaso was tasteful and brilliant. In all, the audience seemed well pleased, and a full house may be expected this evening.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADELPHI.

To reproduce on an English stage the *Pas des Patineurs*, which was so popular with operatic audiences, a new extravaganza called *Mrs. Bunbury's Spoons* has been written by Mr. Sterling Coyne, and was brought out on Monday night. Mrs. Bunbury (Mrs. F. Matthews) is a pastry-cook, whose affections are sought by her own baker (Mr. O. Smith), a portly lawyer (Mr. Paul Bedford), and the clerk of the latter (Mr. Wright), and some severe practical jokes pass among the rivals. This intrigue is, however, only the preliminary

to a grand skating scene, which is supposed to take place in the Surrey Zoological gardens, where a sort of fancy ball is given on the frozen lake. Here Mr. Wright appears as a broom-girl, Mr. Paul Bedford as a grotesque harlequin, Mr. O. Smith in the very congenial character of a devil, and Mrs. F. Matthews in a Hungarian costume, while all the *corps de ballet* are introduced in the most various dresses. The dances, executed with skates running on little wheels, are exceedingly well managed, the smallness of the stage occasioning a difficulty to the performers which was not felt in a broader space, but which they triumphantly surmount. The piece itself, though slight, is highly amusing, and is one more instance of Mr. Coyne's tact in seizing on a popular topic and turning it to Adelphi account.

The curtain fell upon the concluding *tableau* of this extravaganza amid the loud approbation of a crowded audience.

LYCEUM.

Le Chevalier d'Esbonne, a comedie-vaudeville, which was played some time ago, at the St. James's Theatre, with Mdlle. Nathalie in the principal character, has been reduced from three acts into two, and further altered by Mr. Planché, and was brought out on Monday night at the Lyceum, under the title of a *Lady in Difficulties*.

The original piece turns on the devotion of a French lady in the time of Louis XIII., who being remarkably like her brother, a partisan of the Fronde, assumes his name and attire, to divert a pursuit by the agents of Cardinal Mazarin. The disguise brings with it several difficulties, the chief of which is the sustaining of the masculine character in the presence of the Vicomte de Nangis, a reckless militaire, who embarrasses the young lady by over cordial professions of friendship. To keep up appearances the pretended chevalier is obliged to pretend that a little village girl is his mistress, and for awhile compromises the damsel in the eyes of her lover, a young painter. When the lady is able to resume her proper attire she bestows her hand on the Vicomte, who has long been enamoured of her portrait.

In the English version, in which the scene is transferred from Paris in the 17th century to Prussia in the 18th, and the movement of the Fronde is converted into a plan for the escape of the Crown Prince, the principal character is the Vicomte, or, as he is now called, Count Nantzmar. The brisk off-hand manner of the heedless soldier is excellently represented by Mr. Charles Mathews, whose annoyance at the coldness of his friend is particularly amusing. Mdlle. Denhoff, the female Chevalier, is acted in a lady-like style by Miss Gilbert, though she is not always perfectly free in the enunciation of her words. The little rustic girl makes a singing character for Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, and some new ballads which she sang with a great deal of effect, were loudly applauded. The godfather of the girl, an ill-conditioned old adventurer, who hopes to profit by her vocal talent, and who has to exhibit the greatest terror when he thinks he is implicated in the conspiracy, was played with much breadth and unction by Mr. F. Matthews.

The piece, which is of the quiet school, was followed by a great deal of applause, and the principal actors and the author were called.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THE admirers of the national drama may look forward to being gratified, during the approaching winter, by the revival of some of our best comedies, placed on the stage in a manner as efficient as has hitherto distinguished the performance of the tragic drama here. Since the departure of Mrs.

Warner, the theatre has a little hung fire in the production of comedy; but the revival of *She would and she would not*, and the *Love Chase*, has given a promise of better things. The engagement of Miss Fitzpatrick has very materially contributed to this result. The performance of the latter play fairly rivals, if it does not excel, that of the same comedy at the Haymarket. The Constance of Miss Fitzpatrick is improved since we last saw it. If, in the more brilliant displays of vivacity and animal spirits, she cannot be compared to Mrs. Nisbett, in many of her touches of quiet and sarcastic humour she is almost equal to her, and the whole augurs a career of no ordinary brightness. Mr. H. Marston's Truelove is an admirable sketch; as was also the Widow Green of Mrs. Marston, who entered with a keen relish into the fun and humour of the situations, and looked well enough to deserve a better fate. Miss J. Bassano, the Lydia, can, as yet, hardly be considered out of her novice's stage, but, as we have before said, her performance teems with promise, and the audience testified their opinion by calling for her at the end of the play. She was ably supported by Mr. Dickinson, in the part of her lover.

G.

MARYLEBONE.

THE success which has attended the revival of *Much Ado about Nothing* has induced the management of this theatre to produce the comedy of *As you like it*, which was given here last Monday. This play has been called, by some of Shakspeare's commentators, the finest pastoral in the language. Hence it may possibly happen—for pastorals seldom make good dramas—that, in spite of the continued snatches of exquisite poetry and profound speculation in which the play abounds, and the raciness of its wit and humour, it is not, from its want of dramatic situation, very well adapted to the stage. The comedy was revived, without success, at Sadler's Wells, two years ago. On the present occasion, the resources of the theatre have been used with great judgment and effect. The acting was excellent, and the scenery and appointments splendid and appropriate. Mrs. Mowatt's Rosalind contained many very happy points, but was, on the whole, inferior to her Beatrice. In the early scenes, she looked as handsome and lady-like as the most polished chamberer of the Duke's Court could possibly desire, and gave to the expression of her growing passion for the young wrestler the naïve and girlish playfulness with which Shakspeare has so gracefully invested it. In her male attire, we would recommend a hat somewhat larger, and of a more handsome shape; the one she wears, although well suited to display her luxuriant tresses, has little else to recommend it. Mr. Davenport's Jacques was a shade too saturnine. The philosophy of Jacques, in spite of its cynical fits and starts, is at bottom social and humane. The famous description of the Seven Ages was loudly applauded. The Orlando of Mr. Belton was true in conception, intelligent, and easy in execution. Mr. Herbert, as Touchstone, was amusing, but Shakspeare's humour is not his forte. The wrestling scene was admirably managed.

Mr. Planché's pleasant extravaganza of *Fortunio* draws nightly an excellent half-price, and seems to be taking a new lease of popularity. Miss J. Beauford, who personates the hero, improves upon acquaintance. She has a charming voice, and acts and looks exceedingly well.

On Saturday week, an elegant entertainment was given at the London Tavern, to Mr. J. F. Neilson, on the occasion of his retirement from the *Times*, when a handsome silver inkstand was presented to him by his late colleagues, the parliamentary reporters of that journal.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE VENERABLE DEAN OF ST. PAULS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—A beautiful and truly appropriate funeral anthem was performed at the Cathedral yesterday, during the afternoon service. It was taken from the 39th Psalm, verses 5, 6, 13, and 15,—“Lord, let me know my end,” &c.,—by the full choir. On account of the demise of the Right Honourable the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, who departed this life on Sunday last, at Hardwick, near Chepstow, at the termination of the service, that solemn and affecting composition, the “Dead March” in *Saul*, was performed, and had a very imposing effect upon the congregation, who did not leave the Cathedral until it was ended. I have not the pleasure of knowing the talented organist who presided upon the occasion, but his exquisite taste and feeling ought not to be passed over in silence. I never heard that beautiful composition played in like manner before. The Sunday after the funeral of the late Sir Robert Wilson (who was interred in the north aisle of the Abbey), it was performed, as the congregation was leaving the edifice, in a masterly manner, but certainly not with the same delicacy and solemnity as I heard yesterday.—I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant, CIVIS.

TEUTONIUS VERSUS MOLINEUX.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—A friend, at my suggestion, did once poke a little fun at “Teutonium,” but my own contributions to your pages have ever been signed “J. Molineux,” or “J. M. X.” If any matters about “shake and mases” have been inserted by me, I have forgotten both them and their applications.

I have some skill as an architect; but I have no skill to use such “materials” as Twang's thirteen semitones within the octave, or numberless other “materials,” such as are quoted by “Teutonium.”

In my last letter I signified my curiosity to see the bass-notes to a scale from C, which “Teutonium” had very exactly signified by numerical symbols. If the “Teutonium” “Fundamentum Subdominant, Tonic, and Dominant,” be intended to gratify my curiosity, it has failed to do so; inasmuch as it is incomplete, and apparently evasive. I consider this scale to be intended as a puzzle, such as friend Molineux, in the circumstances, would have deemed it unreasonable to propose.

From his profuse dealings with them, it is evident my old friend considers that numerical expressions are certain, exact, and appropriate symbols for the notes in the major mode scale of the splendid “Teutonium” edifice. If he consider that the notes in the minor mode scale also of the same magnificent mansion may be similarly symbolized, I feel curious to know how it is to be effected.

For my own unpretending fabric I have no fears. Effectively supported by numerical expressions applied to every item of it, it can bid defiance to the winds and the waters with which it is threatened by “Teutonium.”—Yours truly, J. MOLINEUX.

2, Hope Street, Liverpool, Oct. 15, 1849.

MOSCHELES' LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—On reading Moscheles' Life of Beethoven, I met with the following passage, which pleased me extremely. It has occurred to me, that as many amateurs read your journal, who, perhaps, may not all be acquainted with that book, I take the liberty of sending you the extract, thinking you might like to insert it (coming, as it does, from such a high source) for their edification and encouragement.

“Talent, which is to be judged by the tribunal of public opinion, if it do not render homage to the taste of the age, must, at least, shew deference to it, and thereby lose its genuine artistic purity. This purity of taste is to be looked for only in dilettanti, who always keep in view the ideal beauty of pure impervious truth of feeling, because their talents are exercised only in a small circle of musical friends of their own choice. Such persons, however, always remain mere dilettanti, as they do not cease to fulfil those duties which their social or other domestic relations demand, and which, by a prudent distribution of time, are easily rendered compatible

with study in any situation of life. It is only on these conditions that their efforts in art, when they rise far above the common level, will win the admiration and approval of all truly cultivated artists."

I was very much entertained with the nut we were given to crack a week or two ago. All, I suppose, may consider themselves "musical heroes" who solve the *enigma*.—Yours &c.,

EUTERPE.

MADAME MONTENEGRO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent, "Alpha," in the last number of the *Musical World*, I beg leave to inform him that Madame Montenegro and party are, at present, giving a series of operatic concerts at the Music Hall, Dublin. It appears they would have preferred appearing in opera, at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins Street, but, inasmuch as that building is being decorated and painted, previous to the opening for the winter season, they found themselves obliged either to have recourse to operatic concerts, or leave Dublin without earning a guinea to indemnify themselves for their expenses. As it is, the speculation has turned out a failure; scarcely two hundred persons (at a shilling a head) assembling on each evening.

I do not know how to account for it; but certain it is, that here, as in England, since the visit of Jenny Lind, the public seem to have no taste for foreigners or Italian operas, imagining, perhaps, that if they are not charged a high price of admission, or if the announcement differs from "only for two performances," they are either about to hear an inferior vocalist, or to get very little value for their money. As for the good taste and discrimination of the public, the less we hear about that the better; and I regret exceedingly to be obliged to say, that Alboni's tour proved that they possess but very little of either; and that, in consequence, we are likely to be making a similar complaint to your Manchester correspondent, namely—that it will be a long time before we get such talent engaged to appear in Italian opera in Dublin again.

I trust, sir, you will excuse my encroaching on your space, and deviating from the direct answer to your correspondent's letter; but as nothing appeared in the *Musical World* concerning Alboni's late visit to Dublin, I wished to inform your readers, that they might sympathise with me in deploring the mal-appreciation of so great an artiste.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

ZOIUS.

Dublin, 17th October, 1849.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In Mr. Macfarren's last letter in the *Musical World*, he complains of a passage in Beethoven, because of a modulation which he considers produces a "false relation." Firstly, no modulation occurs in this passage. Secondly, no false relation occurs in the progression of any of the parts. Thirdly, if the modulations he mentions do occur, then the horns, &c., do not skip from the tonic to the dominant, but from the tonic to the *mediant* of G flat major. There are three common minor scales. Beethoven has used the most usual one; *viz.*, descending from the 8th to the 7th degrees of the scale by a *whole tone*. By referring to the last illustration of Mr. Macfarren's letter, your readers will find that D flat in the second, fourth, and sixth chords, is the seventh degree of the descending minor scale of E flat; and as such Beethoven evidently used it. It is my impression that he would have written D natural in each code, if the sixth chord would have allowed it, without producing a false relation, but to avoid this he flattened each D. Whether the substitution of D natural, where the horns, &c., skip to B flat, would or would not be preferable, is a matter of taste, and not a question of right and wrong. I admire Mr. Macfarren's poetical eulogies of this favourite composer; but when he acts the master, the traces of a peculiar school or theory lead him to conclusions contrary to those entertained by the majority of the ablest theorists.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

3, Keppel Street, Russel Square.

PS.—Miss L. Pyne's art of vocalization gives to her singing a charm which those who have to sing and act with her would do well to imitate.

ANSWER TO MUSICAL ENIGMA IN NO. 41.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—*Otello* and *La donna del Lago* are beautiful operas composed by Rossini; Handel is immortalised in his compositions; Lind and Alboni are celebrated vocalists; Bunn is the (*not very*) famous lyric poet; Bennett and Hallé are celebrated pianists; Anna Thillon is a favourite songstress; Ole Bull and Hill are celebrated performers on the violin; but of the maker "Gavani" I know nothing. Attwood was a pupil of Mozart; and Lavia is an Italian singer; but that Beale is an Italian vocalist I very much doubt; Novello and Beale are London music publishers; Dibdin composed naval songs; Bellini and Boieldieu composed many operas; David is a French composer; tone is produced by playing Legato and Tenuto; the music to *Antigone* was composed by Mendelssohn; but that the illustrious composer ever produced anything entitled *Atave*, I cannot assert. *Don Giovanni*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Nino* are celebrated operas, but *Gonogonda*, celebrated or not, is equally strange to me; Weldon was a composer of sacred music; and the bugle and oboe are musical instruments; *Leoline* is a pretty operetta; Blow and Lally were celebrated English and French musicians; Webbe composed the glee; and Hullah is the famous singing-class teacher. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived, and a divine composer,—born at Bonn, and died at Vienna.

FITZ-BURBLEM.

Potteries, Oct. 6th, 1849.

[We have received similar answers to Musical Enigma from "Romeo," "11, 3, 3," "M. G.," "H. O.," "Ædipus," &c.]

REVIEWS.

"Turn Again, thou fair Eliza;" words by ROBERT BURNS; the music composed by A. H. WEHRHAN.—R. COCKS and Co.

THIS song is well written, and the general tone of feeling carried out with much felicity; but the author seems to have entirely overlooked the unity and simplicity of Burns' verses. The verses themselves are by no means a happy specimen of the poet's labours, but still the natural character of his writing and its unaffectedness are apparent in them. The composer, in his ignorance of the Scottish dialect, has even mistaken single words; as we find "a," an article, inserted for "ae," or one, a noun of number. Here are the lines—

"Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
A kind look before we part."

The "a" in the last line should be spelt "ae," the Scottish term for "one." In another instance we have "die" rhyming with "thee," whereas Burns wrote "dee," its Scottish mode of pronunciation. Indeed the entire song, in its English costume, looks like John Hielandman with top-boots and breeches under his kilt. A song from the pen of Mr. Wehrhan is entitled to serious criticism; and he must excuse us if our reverence for the Bard of Ayr has made us somewhat touchy. There are many points worthy of notice in this ballad, which shows both the skill and acquirements of a musician, and we only wish the composer had satisfied his own impressions without encroaching on the sacred ground of a great poet, not knowing what trespass he committed, and leaving us nothing but praise to fashion our report.

"The Standard Lyric Drama;" Vol. V. "*Der Frietschutz*;" a Lyric Folk-Drama, written by FRIEDERICH KIND, and rendered into English from the German by S. WREY MOULD; the music composed by CARL MARIA VON WEBER; revised from the Orchestra Score by W. S. ROCKSTRO.—J. BOOSEY and Co.

THIS is a highly interesting volume, independent of its musical merits. A full and authentic memoir of Weber is prefixed, together with an account of the wild and curious legend from which the book is taken. Great pains appears to have been taken by the editor, Mr. J. Wrey Mould, in ac-

quiring documents to illustrate the manner in which the *Freischütz* had its origin and accomplishment. Several of the letters in the memoir will be found well worthy of perusal, as exhibiting a deep insight in the character of the no less great than good composer. Weber was a true genius, but, like most true geniuses, his world was centred in himself. Let not this seem paradoxical! The ambition to be great, and superior to his fellow mortals, is the moving spring of every high intelligence, and is the spur that pricketh onwards to ennobling thoughts and deeds. In the most amiable minds—and Weber's was amiable among the most amiable—this ambition, without being selfish, takes the form of selfishness. The high and busy soul, pondering on its own attainment, seeing the non-fulfilment of its dearest hopes, beholding itself outstripped in the race, for fame or name, by inferior competitors, preys upon itself, and dies of its own blindness. There is little doubt that Weber broke up his constitution from chagrin, at finding himself partly neglected, and wholly disappointed in the public. The coolness with which *Oberon* was received, after a few nights warm reception, and the determination with which it was shelved, was a nail in Weber's coffin. The composer of *Der Freischütz* was undoubtedly a weak-minded man. He did not exactly weigh his own merits; he did not take contemporaneous public opinion at its true value; he had not patience to wait for fame—or, the greatest fame, for fame he had—and, like a spoiled child, he conceived every thing he had done must be equally acceptable to his spoilers. He was disappointed and pined. The fire of genius consumed its own vitals.

The *Der Freischütz* is, no doubt, a monument of genius which will endure as long as music has a foundation; but we almost fear that with the public the opera has had its day. The popular taste has much altered of late, and the people now look for *diablerie* and blue fire only in burlesques, extravaganzas, pantomimes, melodramas, or Cobourg tragedies. When *Der Freischütz* was first produced, the novelty and wildness of the story, the wonders of the incantation scene, and the stirring interest and bustle introduced, tended to inflame the public mind to an unusual pitch; when to these we add the peculiar beauty, dramatic force, and powerfully-striking instrumentation of the music, we may readily guess what a triumphant success this great work obtained. It was, indeed, unparalleled in the history of operatic music, and held the most extraordinary career of any foreign work ever produced in this country, if we except Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which, the second or third year it was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, was played every night but one during the season. We confess we see nothing in the story concocted by Friederich Kind, either sufficiently interesting, or sufficiently removed into the regions of romance, to make amends for the nursery-tale business of the incantation scene, a sorry burlesque on the cauldron scene in the fourth act of *Macbeth*—and oh! how differently treated—and for the poverty and unintelligibility of the *dénouement*. Sublime as the incantation music is, we feel assured that it fails to interest any but the true musician; and for the adjustment of the plot at the end, we venture to say, that not one in fifty who has seen the opera, and who has not read the book, of course, knows anything about it.

We quite agree with Mr. J. Wrey Mould, who says in his preface, that "It is a pity and a shame that so original, so popular, and dramatic a work should remain shelved, as it has been of late, for want of adequate performance;" but we doubt very much if it would do, given in its integrity and entirety, at least on the English stage. The long spoken dialogues and interlocations, which, as the editor justly remarks, are all necessary to the proper unfolding of the story, would

fall heavy and dull on the music-expectant ears of the opera-goers; and Mr. Mould need hardly be reminded of the paucity of our singing actors or acting singers. As for the Italian stage, even with Pauline Garcia, or Grisi, Mario, Marini, &c., &c., and the splendid band and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, we confess to no faith therein, and do not opine that the *Der Freischütz* would reimburse the expenses. Even on the English stage Mr. Mould must recognise objections, though he has left them unnoticed, to the production of Weber's *chef d'œuvre* in its integrity and entirety. We do not here allude to Weber's music, but to Friederich Kind's book, or rather to Mr. Mould's translation, which, of all translations, we should like to see adopted; and we fear in its present form, that no English audience, if they heard it, would endure the last words of Caspar:—

"Curse heaven!—curse God!—curse thee!"

even if the Chamberlain allowed the line to go scot-free from his pen.

But these statistics and these arguments have nothing whatsoever to do with the merits of the book, or fifth volume of the "Standard Lyric Drama," which is incontestable. The editors have laboured hard at their vocation, and we have no hesitation in saying, that the most perfect edition of Weber's *Freischütz* extant is now before the public, and at a price unconscionably cheap. The work occupies five parts, the same as the *Sonnambula*, and contains all the original music, and all the dialogue.

Most heartily and conscientiously do we recommend this work to our musical friends,—indeed, no musical library should be without it; and we trust, with Mr. Mould, that the publication will intimate and offer means for the bringing before the public the opera, as the composer intended.

The publishers of the "Standard Lyric Drama" contemplate bringing out a series of operas in full score, such as *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *Freischütz*, *Fidelio*, and other classic works. The volumes will be of uniform size with the present edition, and will contain Italian, German, and English words. If the above operas work well on this plan, the publishers will carry their endeavours into the ranks of the non-classicists, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber, who may be styled, for a difference, the Romancists. How this speculation may turn out we can hardly tell; but, considering the immense improvement made in musical taste, and the great demand for works of study and reference, we think it cannot fail of ultimate success.

"I cannot tell thee how I love thee;" Ballad, words by JOSEPH OLIVER, Esq.; music by J. O. ALLMAN.—LEWIS and JOHNSON.

THE most noticeable, not the most preferable, part of the composition, is a lithographic drawing on the title-page, of a crimson-turbaned lady with an ear-ring in her fingers, and her neck somewhat prodigal of unmasking. Indeed, in this latter regard, the lithographer deserves a tap on the knuckles, and a whisper in the ear, "not to o'erstep the modesty of nature."

The words of the song are simply rough doggerel. What poetry can any ear, or "eye of mind," recognize in the first four lines:

"I cannot tell thee how I love thee,
My words are faint and void of charm;
My lips but vainly seek to alter
The thoughts that keep my bosom warm."

Had the lithographer but added a little more clothing to keep the lady's "bosom warm," he would have done the song more service than the poet. Mr. Allman's music has no

little to commend it, and, although it is neither particularly new, nor particularly striking, it flows smoothly, and lies well in the voice.

"Remember me;" *Ballad*, written by JOSEPH OLIVER, Esq.: composed by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.—CHARLES and ROBERT OLLIVIER.

THE same musician, the same poet, but not the same publishers. We prefer this song to the last. The words are better, and the music is better. The melody is quiet and unaffected; and, altogether, the ballad is commendatory.

"Alice Polka," for the Piano Forte; performed by HERR STRAUSS and his celebrated Band at Her Majesty's Grand State Ball, for which occasion it was expressly composed, by JOHANN STRAUSS.

"Des Wanderers Liebewohl Waltzer"—(The Wanderers Farewell); composed by JOHANN STRAUSS.

"Frederika Polka," for the Piano Forte; performed by the Author and his celebrated Band at Her Majesty's Grand State Balls, and the Nobility's Balls, Almack's, &c., composed by JOHANN STRAUSS.

"March of the Royal Horse Guards," for the Piano Forte; composed expressly in honour of his Farewell *Matinée Musicale*, and respectfully dedicated to Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. G. CECIL W. FORRESTER, by JOHANN STRAUSS.

POOR STRAUSS! he is gone the way of all flesh; and the hand of the prince of waltz writers is as cold as a Kamschatkan sledge-shaft. Strauss was a genius in his way—a small way, certainly,—but he was a genius. There are little as well as great geniuses,—let me tell you that, reader. He had a sweet flow of tune, and a simplicity withal, that was very captivating. Every body knows Strauss' waltzes,—at least every body that cares for waltzes, and their name is legion; and every individual one of these bodies has admired the gracefulness of the melody, and the neatness of the arrangement. The first and second of the pieces under review were, we are informed, "laid in the author's coffin," but for what purpose our informant has not said. Perhaps they were great favourites with the composer, who did not wish to part from them, and had them buried with him; perhaps they were placed there by some kind friend or relative, who deemed them the best works of the composer, and laid them, his best laurels, on his coffin. Whatever may have been the motive, we see little that is rational in the act. Johann Strauss was the best waltz composer of his day, or indeed, for that matter, of any day, if we view his waltzes with reference to dancing merely. His dances are still popular all over Europe, and no small part of Asia and America, and, for aught we know, may have penetrated to the interior of Africa, even to Timbuctoo.

We need hardly recommend the pieces above-named. They all partake of the simplicity and gracefulness of the composer's style; the march alone indicating a vigour and a novelty in the treatment, which were not required in the dances.

To such as look with eyes of favour upon a resplendent gold-coloured lithograph of a colonel in the "Blues," the "March of the Royal Horse Guards" will prove doubly attractive.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA, Oct. 3rd.—(From a correspondent).—The Emperor went last night to the opera, for the purpose of hearing Balfe's celebrated opera, the *Bohemian Girl*. When his majesty entered his box, the audience rose with one accord, and greeted him with the loudest applause, which was continued for a long time. Why this demonstration was so signally displayed, I am at a loss to make out.

The opera was received with the highest favour, nearly every *morceau* being encored. Nothing could possibly be

more successful. The principal vocalists, consisting of Madlle. Wildauer, MM. Staudigl, Ander, and Hölzl, as well as the orchestra, under the direction of M. Proch, acquitted themselves admirably, and obtained the unanimous applause of the audience.

Balfe is, I understand, at Frankfort, superintending the performance of his *Bohemian Girl*. Its production has excited the most lively curiosity, and all musical men and amateurs are on the *qui vive* to hear the *chef d'œuvre* of England's most popular composer. The orchestra and chorus are said to be first-rate; the vocalists are Madame Hanschütz, Madame Brandt, Herren Crudinski, Clement, and Dettmerr. Lord Cowley, the Rothschilds, Lord and Lady Pollington, are at Frankfort, and Jenny Lind and Crivelli are expected. Balfe proceeds afterwards to Berlin.

THE DOVE.

SWEET bird, that in the leafy grove
Recall'st thy wandering mate to love,
With sounds that echo one and one!
Thine is no lyric strain that floats
Melodious in out-pouring notes—
But a low, melancholly tone!

Art thou, that dost for aye rejoice
In constancy, with thy one voice
In music true as in thy faith?
And call'st thou, with unwearied song,
Thy love—the mother of thy young—
Thy love that lives thine own till death?

The matin lark—the bird of night
Awake their strains where crowds unite,
And listening ears their songs approve;
But thou, unheard, in forest dense,
Sweet type of truth and innocence!
Wak'st joy for only her you love.

F. M.

A PARISIAN STORY.

(From the Paris Correspondent of the Atlas.)

THE great social event of the past week has been one of those romantic incidents which, in other countries, are employed to excite our sympathy by novel writers. In Paris alone do they become realities, acted by living characters, attested by living witnesses, in whom they create admiration, enthusiasm, sympathy, but no astonishment whatever. The event to which I allude is in itself common enough,—the marriage of a great lady with a young man of no fortune or family, a discharged *conscriit* of the year 1841, of eight-and-twenty years of age, not particularly good-looking, and anything but elegant either in appearance or in manners. But the circumstances which led to this result are romantic enough to furnish whole volumes to some future Balzac, and enable him to prove anew that the heart is governed by no law, and that memory is the only faithful servant of Cupid, &c.

It was on the 14th of May, 1841, that the history of the lady, who was already sixteen years of age, really began; for it was on that day she received what Lamartine has so dolefully denominated "*le baptême du malheur*," for Antoine, the young *garde champêtre* to whom she had plighted eternal faith, and who was but awaiting his release from the conscription to marry and found a family, was carried off with the unlucky number pinned in front of his hat, and long streamers of every colour flying in the wind, to announce to the world at the same time his present misfortune and future glory.

The agony of poor Justine may be readily conceived. It is really believed in the village of Nanterre, where she lived, that if she had not had a helpless mother and sundry little

brothers and sisters, she would have perished. As it was, she could no longer bear the village where she had known Antoine, nor the people who were constantly reminding her of her bereavement; and so she took her departure for another place at some little distance from her home, and entered into the service of a wealthy farmer, to feed the poultry, tend the cows, and nurse the children. One summer's evening, when returning home from work, she was accosted by a gentleman, who, under the pretence of having lost his way, succeeded in engaging her long enough in conversation to sketch the outline of her face and figure in his album.

One of the most popular pictures that ever was painted, the "Belle Moissoneuse," was the result of that meeting, for the artist was no other than our favourite Charles C——. It is easy to conceive how quickly the reputation of the beautiful peasant girl spread through that especial portion of our population known as "Paris-artiste;" nor will it create astonishment to hear of her speedy arrival thither, drawn to the place by promises of wealth and advancement, which her beauty was to acquire, and the gratitude and admiration of the artists of Paris to bestow.

To the young and innocent alone will it be matter of wonder that, amid this change of existence, surrounded by admiration and flattery, she soon forgot Antoine and her village, and all, in short, which would remind her of her former life, its poverty and toil, its purity and innocence. For five years did she reign triumphant over the gay Bohemian world of Paris, seeking to drown, amid extravagance and revelry, any remembrance which could stand in the way of enjoyment. During this time there was not a dandy or gallant in Paris who did not leave some portion of his inheritance in her hands, nor a single name of historical interest which had not been pronounced in company with hers. I have beheld her at the operas adorned with the emeralds which the Duchess de P—— received as wedding, gifts from Marie Antoinette; and at the Jardin d'Hiver, decked with the opals, considered beyond all price, presented to the Count de L—— as a *congé* gift by Catherine of Russia.

In everything the fair Justine was destined to astonish the world; for, after having led this life for so long, the observed of all observers, known by reputation in every gay capital of Europe, she accepted the hand and fortune of the Prince de F——, a diplomatic envoy from a northern power, who, in answer to all the observations which were made to him upon the danger of such an alliance, merely replied, with sarcastic bitterness, that, "having spent his life at court, and amongst great ladies of all nations, he felt no desire to change the style of habits and conversation he had been accustomed to." For two years did Justine, as the Princess F——, live without reproach, and inspired so strong an attachment in the bosom of her husband, that at his death, he bequeathed her the whole of his property and the guardianship of his daughter, fourteen years of age. In vain the relatives of the prince attacked the will; no flaw could be found, no proof of insanity could be adduced, no single act of impropriety brought forward on the part of the widow, who was confirmed in possession of her legacy by a decision of Chancery, and she became one of the richest *partis* in Europe. Her hand, they say, has been sought by many of the highest notables in France; for in the article of marriage, we are inclined, in this country, to look to the future rather than the past.

But the princess had already made her choice; and on Friday last, in the old church of Nanterre, where she had once knelt in her innocent and happy youth, she was united to Antoine, whose fortune had not partaken in all the changes and start-

ling vicissitudes which have so strongly marked the career of his early love, but who has returned the same poor *conscriit* he departed eight years since. It was in vain that every effort was used to keep the ceremony secret. Those whom it most concerned were on the alert, and the church was crowded to suffocation. Some curiosity was expressed concerning the dress and appearance of the bride, and some disappointment at the simplicity of the arrangements, no further decorations being observed than those in use for the meanest wedding; but when the princess appeared attired in the humble village costume she had worn before she had entered on her Paris life, all epigrams were hushed, all criticism at an end; and even those who came to talk of the "*Fiancé du Roi de Garbes*" could not help joining in the general sympathy and in the rejoicing inspired by the rescue of this one stray lamb, "which had been lost and was found again."

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

ANOTHER NUT FOR "A MUSICAL ENIGMA HERO."

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29, are the letters to which my two alphabets I shall confine.

My 19, 15, 23, 6, 3, an art which pleases but seldom pays.

My 19, 15, 28, 14, 3, 20, 22, 13, a man who has made up his mind to starve.

My 8, 11, 22, 16, 4, 5, 17, a person who loves music because others do.

My 5, 6, 9, 4, 16, 16, 22, 13, 16, 29, the legitimate "executioners" of genius.

My 13, 2, 16, 12, 28, things which often pay at sight, but seldom at hearing.

My 3, 2, 13, 3, 4, 17, 16, the best opportunity for a quiet chat.

My 1, 8, 13, 5, an appropriate name for a number of artists.

My 3, 2, 13, 5, 15, 3, 16, 27, 17, the general of an army of noise-makers.

My 1, 8, 16, 24, 13, a little thing which rules the musical world as well as any other.

My 11, 15, 23, 20, 3, 27, 9, 23, 2, 14, 17, 4, 12, a place where you are obliged to swallow musical geniuses and sandwiches.

My 8, 3, 22, 5, 12, 11, 6, 18, 23, 2, 21, 19, 15, 28, 20, 3, establishments where young persons are taught how to feed upon air.

My 19, 15, 28, 20, 3, 11, 8, 28, 16, 12, 17, 23, poor creatures in black dress counting by the hour.

My 16, 6, 11, 4, a thing of which young musical ladies have an absolute horror.

My 3, 9, 12, 21, an instrument which opens a musical door.

My 28, 14, 7, 13, 22, 16, 15, 17, 4, a frequent safeguard of musical compositions from the attacks of the heathen and gentiles.

My 23, 24, 17, 18, a musical treasury; in too many cases a cesspool offending the smell of those who are obliged to hold their noses over it.

My 6, 13, 23, 16, 17, 15, 11, 12, 13, 16, 8, 16, 6, 2, 13, the art of making legitimate noise.

My 21, 6, 5, 5, 9, 12, and 21, 6, 5, 5, 9, 12, 17, two terms of a musical instrument and its performer, which must give foreigners a very flattering idea of the high position which music and musicians hold in this country.

My 1, 17, 22, 28, the collective names of a class of instruments; also a good quality possessed by many musicians to a very high degree.

My 5, 17, 15, 19, an instrument, showing the natural musical organization of an animal generally considered unmusical.

My 24, 17, 7, 27, 13, another instrument, almost out of use, except with swells.

My 7, 17, 22, 11, 19, 8, 17, a branch of the musical science more talked of than known.

My 17, 4, 23, 16, an order to get paid for doing nothing.

My 21, 12, 17, 19, 8, 16, 22, the sign of a musical railway station (the choir of a certain church, when arriving at such, used to go down for a moment to the neighbouring pot-house, and refresh themselves for the journey).—*Vide Gaby's Musical Dictionary.*

My 4, 17, 2, 6, 3, 8, a style of Beethoven imitated with great success by Mons. Jullien in his Drum Polka.

My 4, 16, 15, 5, 12, 28, compositions written not to instruct, but to frighten beginners.

My 21, 15, 17, 24, 17, 12, the excitement produced by a young lady singing an Italian song, of which she does not understand a word.

My 6, 11, 6, 16, 8, 16, 14, 2, a thing allowed to fugues, but too often made use of where not allowed.

My 17, 4, 5, 15, 6, 17, 20, a French term for the simplification of a score; for instance, the arrangement of Beethoven's symphonies for flute and guitar.

My 8, 3, 3, 2, 17, 5, 6, 24, 13, an instrument invented to torment musicians.

My 22, 3, 24, 15, 23, 16, 14, 3, 28, the science which teaches how to prevent an orchestra from being heard.

My 27, 11, 4, a wooden soul.

My 18, 21, 21, 2, 17, 16, a style of singing which substitutes grimaces for sounds.

My 1, 8, 7, 28, musical mile-posts.

My 3, 24, 25, 5, the invariable answer of young ladies when requested to sing.

My 1, 17, 14, 9, 26, 8, 13, 16, stands on the title of modern music, to indicate that it contains nought but finger work.

My 3, 8, 13, 16, 2, 17, an animal which sings and drinks—(*cantores amant humores*).

My 3, 27, 23, 16, 17, 8, 17, 24, persons who have renounced man's greatest pleasures—*ad honorem Dei*.

My 21, 22, 13, 17, 27, 23, 20, 8, the explosion of musical genius, most frequently heard at tea parties.—"Pray extemporise some of your sublime flights of fancy!" said an interesting young lady, to the perpetrator of this enigma.

My 7, 4, 13, 6, 15, 23, and 16, 8, 9, 2, 13, 16, two qualities, the first invariably belonging to amateurs, and the other to professors.

My 7, 12, 13, 4, 17, 22, 9, 1, 8, 23, 28, the art which teaches how to accompany a psalm tune with a bass-viol.

My 16, 2, 17, 4, 13, 5, 4, 17, a verb, which in music is synonymous with to murder. "Mademoiselle nous donnera: ah! *chios mi dice mai*," Miss B. is about to dispatch poor Mozart.

My 8, 16, 16, 8, 3, 3, 8,—6, 9,—4, 13, 6, 7, 11, 8. Set to work at my enigma.

ENIGMATICUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FANNY KEMPLE AGAIN.—The suit for divorce between Mr. Pierce Butler and his wife has resulted in its being granted.

MR. RICHARD BAGSHAW, the wealthy newspaper agent, of No. 91, Brydges Street, Covent Garden, committed suicide by hanging himself on Monday.

BRISTOL.—CLASSICAL HARMONIST SOCIETY.—We understand that the committee of this society, notwithstanding the loss sustained by the recent performance of *Elijah*, have determined upon giving a secular concert at the Victoria Rooms, early in November, for the purpose of encouraging local talent, and affording an opportunity of hearing good music at the lowest prices.—*Felix Farley's Journal*.

ENGLISH ACTORS IN GERMANY.—Tieck brings forward the fact that, about the year 1600, a company of comedians, called the English Company, traversed Germany, performing German translations of English plays, at most of the principal courts and chief cities of the Empire. "Such," says Tieck, "was the popularity which the stage enjoyed in London, and such was its reputation on the continent, that troops of players occasionally proceeded to the Netherlands for the purpose of exhibiting their performances; and we can trace in Germany, about the year 1600 (probably some years earlier), the existence of a company of comedians, who, under the title of the English Company, travelled the country round, for the purpose of giving the German public some idea, however imperfect, of the height to which poetry and the dramatic art had attained in England." He adds, in a note upon this passage, that he had himself ascertained the dates of the years in which these comedians performed before the court of Dresden, but had unfortunately mislaid the notes which he had made of them. Tieck does not attempt to decide who these actors really were—whether they were natives of England, or young Germans connected with the Hanse company, then established in London, or persons who had travelled from Germany to England on a theatrical speculation, for the purpose of securing a stock of new dramas; but his description of the volume of German translations of English plays, published in Germany, in 1620, which he supposes, and no doubt correctly, to have emanated from them, favors the supposition that they were, as their name implies, a company of English players. The same

inference may be drawn from one decided instance which Tieck gives of English actors being found in Germany. He is speaking of the marks of distinction with which professed players were then received in that country; and after stating that the magistrates of the different cities were in the habit of going out to meet them on their approach, he adds that Lassenius, one of the earliest actors, whose name is preserved—and who, as he was playing about the year 1600, might possibly have belonged to this very troop—became afterwards a doctor of theology and preacher at the court of Denmark: and that another, Hans von Stockfisch (probably an assumed theatrical name), received a salary of two hundred and twenty dollars, and other allowances, from John Sigmund, Elector of Brandenburg, for whom he procured a company of comedians from England and the Netherlands, about the year 1614.—*Athenæum*.

ADVERTISING IN THE PARIS THEATRES.—At the Ambigu-Comique they have got an advertising curtain—a tastefully-ornamented thing, with the addresses of a certain number of tradesmen inscribed on it in most legible characters. One would have thought such mercantile go-a-headism as this must needs have been born in Yankee land, or, at all events, in England; but no, the Parisians claim it as their own. Whether it will be generally successful remains to be seen; certain it is, that the effect, when first witnessed, is very singular. Fancy the spectator of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* passing the *entr'acte* in reading on the curtain that Smith's candles are sixpence a pound, and that Morrison's pills may be had over the way.—*Paris Correspondent of the Literary Gazette*.

MADAME DE STAEL.—From Ancona to Venice I made the journey in company with Madame de Stael, and I shall not easily forget a scene in which I witnessed her acting upon our arrival at the city of St. Mark. She made it a point never to waive any of the ceremonial which she thought properly belonged to her rank. She always took care to have the guard of authors turned out whenever she approached a position, and never failed to accept all the honours of literature. Following out her custom in this respect, she had written to announce her approach to a poet, resident at Venice, whose name I now forget, but which happened to be identical with that of the principal butcher of the city. By some blundering of the postal authorities, Madame la Baronne's letter was delivered to Signor —, the butcher, instead of Signor —, the poet, and the former, anxious to secure so distinguished a customer, carefully watched our arrival, and lost not a minute in paying his respects to the baroness. She, of course, was prepared to receive the homage of genius, *en cour plénière*, and we were all (including M. de Sismondi, the historian of the Italian republics, who was in the company) convened to witness the meeting. Neither of the high saluting parties knew the power of the other, and it was some time before an explanation came about, the ridiculous character of which it is easier to conceive than to describe.—*The Life and Times of Lord Cloncurry*.

MADLLE. LIND.—Letters from Ems apprise us that Madlle. Lind has, at length, quitted the Rhineland for Stockholm, where it is her intention to pass the winter. We learn from the same source that Mr. Lumley recently appeared at Ems, with a view to inducing her to engage herself to his theatre for the next season; but that Madlle. Lind declined all proposals made by the London manager. Judging by the past, we should be justified in deducing from these rumours the certain assurance of the lady's re-appearance in the Haymarket. In this every frequenter of Her Majesty's Theatre will have great cause to rejoice; more especially if Madlle. Lind shall return with any additions to her repertory. It would be charming and opportune, for instance, if she could lure M. Meyerbeer and her management into worthily giving *Le Camp de Silesie*; but the composer, it is said, has put that opera "under lock and key" for alterations, and may possibly even produce it at the *Opera Comique* of Paris.—*Athenæum*.

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL CHOIR.—A short time ago, the Dean and Chapter of our cathedral gave public notice that they would proceed to fill up five vacancies in the College of Vicars Choral, and that the candidates must be in holy orders, well versed in the knowledge and practice of ecclesiastical music, able to intone the liturgy, and to sing the service and anthems of the best church composers. Accordingly twenty-two gentlemen (one of them, we hear, from Dublin) offered themselves as candidates, but only six appeared on the day of election, the 2nd inst. The present vicars

choral or minor canons, however, seven in number (who, it is fair to state had offered to give up a large portion of their corporate income to improve the efficiency of the choir, many of themselves being, from long service, inadequate to its duties) handed in a protest to the effect that the Dean and Chapter had no power, under the Act, to make such election, which would be null and void. Under these circumstances, we understand, the Dean called in the candidates, explaining to them how the matter stood, but still holding the opinion that the capitular body possessed the power of election. It was, however, for the candidates to decide for themselves, whether, after this explanation, they would take the chance of the election. The reverend gentlemen, naturally unwilling to give up their curacies for an uncertainty of this kind, withdrew, and the Dean and Chapter agreed to pay their expenses. Thus the matter remains as before; but as the cathedral is intended to be re-opened for Divine service, it would doubtless be most satisfactory to the public if, before that time, some arrangement could be made for restoring the full efficiency of the choir.—*Hereford Journal*.

FRAUDS UPON ARTISTS.—We have to notice this week, first, a spurious Stanfield, and next, a spurious Herring. A picture, said to be a genuine Stanfield, was about to be sent to America to be sold by auction there with other paintings. It happened that a gentleman who knew Mr. Stanfield's works saw the picture, and spoke to Mr. Stanfield about it, describing the subject. Mr. Stanfield at once knew that the picture was not of his painting. It was, however, to form the chief subject of attraction at the sale by auction in America, where Mr. Stanfield's friend, Mr. Macready, then was. Mr. Stanfield determined, if possible, to frustrate the attempt intended to be made to sell the picture for a genuine painting of his, and wrote to Mr. Macready on the subject. Just as the sale was about to commence, Mr. Macready, who attended, claimed to be heard, and, addressing the auctioneer, begged to read a letter which he had received from Mr. Stanfield, relating to the picture which was about to be put up to auction as a work of his (Mr. Stanfield's), but the genuineness of which Mr. Stanfield repudiated. Mr. Macready then read the letter, and, as may be imagined, such was the effect produced on the company, that no sale took place.—*Trade Protection Record*.

FANNY KEMBLE IN AMERICA.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler was at the fair at Syracuse, in full feather, galloping through the throng of horses, carriages, and footmen in the streets, as if it were an every-day pastime. She had the glow of exultation on her face, which proved that the act of sweeping through the multitude was rather a pleasant sort of thing for a bright autumn day. The following description of this lady is taken from a letter written to the *Cleveland Democrat*, from North Adams, and hits off her ladyship fairly:—I was very much disappointed in the *personnel* of Mrs. B. She is masculine, very, in mind and body. Her figure is not majestic, or commanding, or elegant. Her form is not comely—her face anything but beautiful, yet in her reading she would make it radiate with her beauty of life-like expression. Her person is short and massive; she has nothing of the light and graceful in her form. You can read in her face that she was born to command, never to obey. She is a woman of great talents—of correct principles—of great energy—of strong passions and feelings, and likes the mighty cataract, and the live thunder, better than she does the winding rivulet, or the evening zephyr, or I am mistaken in that eye, and in the expression of that mouth. She must hate a tame man. She would rather play with lions than with lambs, and would rather ride a wild horse of the prairies than the gentle palfrey of a timid girl. There is no horse, I am told, too spirited for Mrs. B. to ride or drive. She admires spirit in any living thing, and I guess, most of all, in men. Mrs. B. has purchased an estate in Lenox, and will probably build her a home in that town, where she has a large circle of devoted friends. So much has been said of Mrs. Butler—so much has her name been before the public, that I shall offer no apology for thus writing my impressions of her. I have not trespassed upon the sanctity of private life. She is a remarkable woman—better fitted to delineate every variety of human character upon the stage, than to make happy the domestic home. In this I may be mistaken. She does not look, to me, as if for domestic life, she was "made of every creature's best."—*New York Express*.

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